Liber Simonis Watson.

AN EGLOGVE
Vpon the death of the
Right Honorable Sir *Francis Walsingham*
Late principall Secretarie to her Maiestie,
and of her most Honourable Priuie
Councell.

VVritten first in latine by *Thomas Watson* Gentle-
man, and now by himselfe translated
into English.

Musis mendicantibus insultat Ἀμουσία.



AT LONDON,
Printed by Robert Robinson. 1590.

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GR III

AT LONDON

To the most vertuous Lady, Lady Francis Sydney, all honour and happinesse.



Adam, vnder the Patronage of M. Thomas walsingham *I published a Latine Funerall poëme, where with a pastoral Muse I vndertake (in loue and duetie) to commend the vertuous life, and bewaile the vntimely death of our great* Melibœus *the right honorable Sir* Francis Walsingham, *your late deceased Father, a sound piller of our common wealth, and chiefe patron of vertue, learning, and chiualrie. In which poeme albeit I neuer attaine the heigth of his worthinesse, yet manie (rather affecting his praise, then my verse) haue requested and perswaded me to publish* Melibœus *in English, for the more generall vnderstanding thereof: that as his life was to all men both pleasing and profitable, so his death might be honored with a publike sorrow: & that the whole body of this realme, in lamenting the losse of so vigilant a gouernor, might learne therby, (as by a iust necessitie) the more to loue, honor, and obey those few, that yet suruiue, resembling him in high estate, and vertuous condition. Such as the translation is, I humblie offer it to your Ladiships protection, hoping it will be as fauorablie redd & accepted, as it is affectionatly written and presented.*

Your Ladiships in all duetie

Thomas Watson.

To the courteous Reader.

GEntlemen, if you ſuppoſe me vaine, for tranſlating myne owne poeme: or negligent, for not doing it exactly to the latin originall, I thus deſire to ſatisfie you. It is pardonable for a man to be bold with his owne: And I interpret my ſelf, leſt Melibæus in ſpeaking Engliſh by an other mans labour, ſhould leeſe my name in his chaunge, as my *Amyntas* did. A third fault (haply) will bee found, that my paſtorall diſcourſe to the vnlearned may ſeeme obſcure: which to preuent, I haue thought good, here to aduertiſe you, that I figure Englande in *Arcadia*; Her Maieſtie in *Diana*; Sir Francis Walſingham in *Melibœus*, and his Ladie in *Dryas*; Sir Phillippe Sidney in *Aſtrophill*, and his Ladie in *Hyale*; Maſter Thomas Walſingham in *Tyterus*, and my ſelfe in *Corydon*.

Deſirous to pleaſe you

Tho. Watſon.

AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir Francis Walsingham

late principall Secretarie to her Maiestie,
and of her most Honourable
Priuie Councell.

Corydon. *Tityrus.*



Owe *Tityrus*, since wee at ease are lade,
And both our flockes ore-spred the flowrie plaine:
Sweete friend vnfolde vnder this platan shade
The secrete cause of thy concealed paine,
How haps thy sighing threats the clęered skie,
with gentle *Zephyr* waging often warres,
Whose Muse of yoare with hunnie melodie,
did calme fierce winds, & cease their boistrous iarres?
What means this moorning weed? thy weeping eine?
thy pale aspect? thy murmuring complaints?
O speake, that I may ioine my teares with thine,
and ease thy burdened heart before it faints.

Tityrus.

O *Corydon* forbeare by deepe inquire
to rip the skarred wounds of my vnreſt:
No teares, no counſell can abate the fire,
which louing ſorrow kindles in my breſt.
I all alone in darkeſom vnkoth place,
I all alone muſt like the Turtle Doue,
VVhoſe ioy is ſlaine, bewaile my wretched caſe,
and powre out plaints agenſt the gods aboue,

Corydon.

By ſyluane nymphs, and louely Graces three,
that on our lawnes doe ſport them to and fro;
By countrie powres of what ſo ere degree;
by *Floraes* chaplet; by *Dianaes* boe,
By fruitfull *Pales*, *Ceres* wheaten crowne,
by ſiluer *Thameſis* old *Oceans* dame;
By chang'd *Amintas* flow'r, that decks the downe;
and laſtlie by *Eliſaes* vertuous name,
By theſe, and thoſe that guide cæleſtial ſpheares,
I here coniure thee to diſcloaſe thy griefe,
That I maie ſlake thy ſighing with my teares,
whoſe comforts oft haue bred my harts relief.

Tityrus.

Then thus (though loath) as griefe will ſuffer me,
my faltring tongue ſhall tell my diſcontent:
That cares by ſympathie maie worke on thee,
And thou vpholde ſome part of my lament.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Now *Corydon* (for eurie ſhepheard ſwaine
reports thee skilfull in a ſacred verſe)
In ſuch a meeter helpe me to complaine,
as maie befit great *Melibœus* hearſe.

Corydon.

I now beginne: *Apollo* guide my ſounde,
And weepe yee ſiſters of the learned hill:
That your *Pegaſean* ſprings may leap their boūd,
and from their floate maie ſeas of teares diſtill.
Let deadly ſorrow with a ſable wing,
throughout the world go brute this tragedie:
And let *Arcadians* altogether ſing
a woefull ſong agenſt heauns tirannie.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Are wheeling orbs ſo full of foule deſpight,
that neither wiſdome, nor true pietie,
Nor learned skill, nor ſpeech of choice delight,
nor care of countries ſweete ſecuritie,
Nor watchfull ſtudie for *Dianaes* health,
nor gentle birth which vertues worth did raiſe,
Nor honors titles, nor abundant wealth,
nor thouſand gifts deſeruing endleſſe praiſe
Could ſmooth the mallice of old *Saturnes* brow,
or heate of *Mars*, or *Lunaes* deathfull colde:
O enuious heauns, that winde I wotte not how,
grudging the glories of this earthly molde.

Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife:
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Yet glorious heauns, ô pardon my blaſpheme,
whoſe witte in ſorrowes Labyrinth is ſtraide:
All that I ſpake was but a furious dreame,
it was not you, but *Fates* that him betraide.
O thou eternall Monarcke, at whoſe becke
the planets mooue and make their influence:
O giue the *Deſtinies* a wrathfull checke,
afflict them for their ſpightfull inſolence.
In caſe mine oraiſon ſeeme ouerlarge,
ô yet vouchſafe me but this one requeſt,
That fatall lawes be giun to Saintes in charge,
whoſe hands & harts wil alwaies work the beſt.
What can thoſe Imps of euerclowding miſt,
thoſe ruthleſſe daughters of eternall night;
But (tyrantlike) ſunder their vitall twiſt,
whoſe ſhining vertues are the worldes chiefe (light?
Alas too ſoone by deſtins fatall knife,
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

And was not *Aſtrophill* in flowring prime,
by cruell *Fates* cut off before his daie,
Yong *Aſtrophill*, the mirrour of our time,
faire *Hyales* chiefe ioy, till his decay?
When late a dreadfull Lyon in his pride
deſcended downe the *Pyrænean* mount,
And roaring through the paſtures farre & wide,

de-

deuowr'd whole *Belgiã* heards of chief accoũt:
Stout *Astrophill* incenst with sole remorse,
resolu'd to die, or see the slaughter ceast:
Then fenst with fire and sword, with manly force
he made assalt vpon the furious beast.
But of this tale teares dõwne the latter part:
I must returne to *Melibœus* fall,
VVho mourning still for *Astrophils* depart,
forsooke his friends, and lost himselfe withall.
Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife,
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*
Nowe tell me shephards all, and fellow swaynes,
who shal with rampiers fence our coũtry soile?
And keep the fluds frõ breaking ore the plaines?
and sheild our tender flocks frõ deadly spoile?
VVho shall recure their faintie maladies,
& purge their fleeces in soft running streams?
VVho shall defend our lambs from ieoperdies?
& shrowd our kids frõ *Titans* parching beames?
VVho now shal til our ground, & reape our corne?
who shall assuage the strife of swelling pride,
VVhen eurie swynard shall exceede his borne,
and will not by God *Terminus* be tyde?
Alas too soone by Destins fatall knife,
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Tityrus.

Thy tunes haue often pleasd mine eare of yoare,
when milk-white swans did flocke to heare thee sing,

VVhere *Seane* in *Paris* makes a double ſhoare,
Paris thriſe bleſt if ſhee obey her King.
But now ô *Corydon*, that lightſome vaine
is changd from youth to aged grauitie,
That whilſt I heare thee bitterlie complaine,
me thinks *Apollo* ſings in *Arcadie*.
And yet afford thy moorning Muſe ſome reſt,
while I (though skil & voice are both decaide)
VVith termes of duetie from a penſiue breſt
bewaile my friend, whom cruell *Fates* betraide.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life*.

O all that all the *Vniuers* containes
In heaun, or aire, or earth, or watrie deepe:
VVith mutual plaints make light my ſecret pains,
for ſorrow waſts in teares, where manie weepe.
And firſt ye *Figures* in the *Zodiacke* line,
that decke heauns girdle with æternall light:
O faine ſome griefs, and knit them vnto mine,
ſuch griefs as may this baſer worlde affright.
Now *Cancer* ſlake thy heate with brackiſh raine,
and *Leo* roare, to make the skie diſmaide:
Aquarius powre thou downe ſalt teares amaine,
and *Aries* let thy dancing now be ſtaide.
Now *Libra* make not *æquinoctiall*,
but ſuffer night to ouergrow the daie:
For darkenes fits all vs that liue in thrall,

Let

Let thoſe haue light that liſt to ſport and plaie.
Now let the *Centaure* with his poiſned ſteele
vpon the *Fates* inflict a deadlie wounde:
That for miſguiding late their fatall wheele
they may lament with guoſts of vnder-ground.
Now let the winter vnder *Capricorne*
laſt ſtill: and *Piſces* lend him watrie ſhowres:
Let *Taurus* wound the welkin with his horne,
and *Scorpio* with his taile ſting fatall powres.
Now *Gemini* forbeare with gladſome ſhine,
to comfort Sea-men in their chiefe diſpaire:
Virgo make fountains of thy daie-bright eine,
and teare the treaſure of thy golden haire.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Yee *ſea unfold flames*, whoſe euer-circling fires
maintain this earth with influence from your ſphears,
And with your powre guide mortall mens deſires,
now leaue your harmonie, and fall to teares.
Yet cankred *Saturne* it were all in vaine,
with my intreats to call for thy lament,
For if old *Orpheus* but a ſooth haue ſaine,
to miſeries thy minde is alwaies bent.
Thou ſtill art lumpiſh, waiward, cold, and ſloe,
attended on with *Terror, doating night,*
Pale diſcontent, ſighs, diſcord, teares, and woe,
fit mates for me that want my chiefe delight.

But thee faire *Iupiter* I muſt require,
to change the gratious vertue of thy ſtarre,
And not to temper with thy gentle fire,
the raging heates of him that breedeth warre.
Let *Mars* roaue vncontrold and kindle ſtrife,
that *Sorrowes* may ſit downe by *Slaughters* ſide:
And golden *Sol* ſurceaſe to fauour life;
and *Venus* weepe, as if *Adonis* dide.
And *Stilbon* with thy hatt cloude *Phœbus* face,
And *Luna* ſee thou ſteale no more his beames:
But let thy Steedes forbeare their nightlie race,
and from thy boſome powre downe weeping (ſtreames.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatal knife,
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*
Now *Aire*, and what thy circuites doe containe,
helpe to lament great *Melibœus* death:
Let clouds of teares with ſighs be turnd to raine,
admit no winde but euer groaning breath.
Now ſet thy firie *Pyramids* to viewe,
thy diuers *Idols*, *Candles* burning bright:
Inflamed *Shafts*, *Comets* of dreadfull hewe;
Sparkles that flie, and *Starres* that fall by night.
Let all thy *Meteors*, of what euer kinde,
with terror ſort them ſelues in iuſt araie:
And worke ſuch feare in euery mortall minde,
that all the world may waile for ones decaie.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatal knife,
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Corydon

O *Tityrus* thy plaint is ouerlong,
here pauſe a while, at *Corydons* requeſt:
Of what is wanting in thy farfet ſong,
my moorning voice ſhall ſtriue to tell the reſt.
But I muſt ſorrow in a lower vaine,
not like to thee, whoſe words haue wings at wil:
An humble ſtile befits a ſimple Swaine,
my *Muſe* ſhall pipe but on an oaten quill.
Immortall *Fauni*, *Satyrs*, and great *Pan*,
the Gods and guiders of our fruitfull ſoile,
Come ſeat your ſelues by me, and waile the man,
whoſe death was haſtned by his vertuous toile.
Yee comelie *Graces* neither dance nor plaie,
nor kembe your beauteous treſſes in the Sun,
But now ſince *Melibœus* is awaie,
ſit downe and weepe, for wanton daies are dun.
Now in the woods be leafeleſſe eury *Tree*,
and beare not pleaſant fruits as heretofore:
Myrrha let weeping gums diſtill from thee,
and help to make my dolefull plaint the more.
Now in the woods let *night-rauns* croak by daie,
and gladles *Owles* ſhrike out, & *Vulturs* grone:
But *ſmaller birds* that ſweetly ſing and play,
be whiſt and ſtill: for you can make no mone.
Now in the fields each *corne* hang down his head,
ſince he is gon that weeded all our corne:
And ſprouting *Vines* wither till you be dead,
ſince he is dead, that ſhielded you from ſtorme.

Now in the fields rot *fruits* while you are greene,
since he is gon that vſde to graff & grace you:
And die faire *Flowres*, ſince he no more is ſeene,
that in *Dianaes* garland vſde to place you.
O heards & tender flocks, ô hand ſmooth plains,
ô Eccho dwelling both in mount and vallie:
O groues & bubling ſprings, ô nimphs, ô ſwains,
ô yong and olde, ô weepe all *Arcadie*.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Tityrus.

O let me interrupt thee yet once more,
for who ſhould more lament his loſſe then I,
That oft haue taſted of his bounteous ſtore,
and knew his ſecret vertues perfectlie?
We haue alreadie ſummond eurie part,
excepting that *which* in the *Ocean* lies:
To ſtand copartners of our wofull ſmart,
and beate the ſenſeleſſe aire with *Elegies*.
Now therfore *Neptune* grant me this one boone,
depoſe great *Ioue* for ſo miſguiding fate:
That *Melibœus* wounded all too ſoone,
by *Mortaes* malice dies before his date.
And thou old *Glaucus* with diuining bleſt,
Prophet to him that neuer ſpeakes but truth,
Come with *Palæmon*, *Phorcus*, and the reſt,
and here giue oracle of endles ruth.
Come *Tethis* come with *Thetis* after thee,
and all thy watrie nymphs, a louelie traine:

Vouch-

Vouchsafe to sit vpon these bankes with me,
that I may heare both thee & them complaine.
And thou great *Triton* with thy sounding shell,
impart my grieuance vnto curie shore:
And with a murmure make the waues goe tell,
that worthie *Melibœus* breaths no more.
Now let no Dolphins seeke *Arions* Muse,
nor play by shore to ketch vp heedles boies:
Let them suppose sweete Musicke out of vse,
and wanton louetricks to be fooliſh toies.
Deceitfull Mermaids leaue your auncient guise,
forbeare to sing while tempest troubles vs:
Let me behold whole fountains in your eies,
for weeping fits vnhappie *Tityrus*.

Corydon.

But *Tityrus* inough, leaue of a while:
stop moorning springs, drie vp thy drearie eine,
And blithlie intertaine my altred stile,
inticd from griefs by some allure diuine.
For now my mind reclaimd from carefull mone,
gins fault hir giuing place to sorrows sourse:
And in hir change intreats thee ceaſe to grone,
that as we grieud, so we may ioie by course.
In iuſt complaint though sorrowes were begun,
and all too litle for the man we waile:
Yet now at laſt our sorrows muſt be done,
and more then moorning reaſon muſt preuail.
Iniuſtlie grudge we *Melibœus* death,
as though his worth were buried in his fate:

But neither are his vertues drenchd in *Leath*,
nor vertuous ſoule remoud to meaner ſtate:
His faith hath framd his ſpirit holie wings,
To ſoare with *Aſtrophil* aboue the Sun:
And there he ioies, whence eury cõfort ſprings,
and where the fulnes of his bliſſe begun.
Let vs be ioifull after long annoie,
Since Melibœus *lius in perfect ioie.*
Our *Melibæus* lius where *Seraphins*
doe praiſe the *Higheſt* in their glorious flames:
Where flowes the knowledge of wiſe *Cherubins*:
where *Throans* exhibit earthlie deeds & names:
Where *Dominations* rule and yet obaie:
where *Principalities* to lower powers
Deepe hidden miſteries doe ſtill bewraie:
where arms are vſd by foe-ſubduing powers.
Where *Vertues* practiſe miracles and wunder:
where both *Archangels* and ſweet *Angels* ſing,
Whoſe office is, to vs, that liue here vnder,
from heaun cæleſtiall meſſages to bring.
Let vs be ioifull after long annoie,
Since Melibœus *lius in perfit ioie.*
Now *Melibæus* in compareleſſe place,
drinkes *Nectar*, eates diuine *Ambroſia*;
And hath fruition of eternall grace,
and with his countnance cheeres *Arcadia*.
Then while his ſpirit dwels in heaunlie towres,
let vs performe what honor dutie willes:
Let vs adorne his ſacred tumb with flowres,

and

and ſweete it with the riches of our hilles.
Our vernall *Flora* that bewailes our loſſe,
will gladlie let hir flowrie locks be rent:
And clad hir ſelfe in moornfull roabes of moſſe,
if all the treaſure of hir buds were ſpent.
Then *Flora* lend vs thime and violets,
ſweete balme and roſes for his buriall:
Beſtow no wealth on wanton amorets,
but ſpare it to adorne his funerall.
And *Pales* bath his lims in fluds of milke,
and couer him with coſtly ornament:
Inſhrine his corps in ſheetes of ſofteſt ſilke,
for he deſerus *Mauſolus* monument.
And *Tityrus* let vs before the reſt
ſet holie lights, and watch his breathles corſe,
Singing ſweet himns for him whoſe ſoule is bleſt,
though parted frō his fleſh by deaths diuorce.
Now cheere we *Dryas* in hir miſerie,
who ouerlong bewailes hir hapleſſe caſe:
Leſt ouerlouing like *Laodamie*,
ſhee looſe hir ſelfe in deepe ſuppoſd imbrace.
Now call we *Hyale* from whiſpring ſtreames,
increaſt with teares (true ſeruants of annoie)
Who takes no pleaſure but in griefs extreames,
nor ioies in ought but in hir want of ioie:
Faire *Hyale*, who wringing oft hir armes,
hir armes far whiter then *Sythonian* ſnoa,
with doubling ſighs bewails hir helples harmes,
Alas that helples harmes ſhould vexe hir ſo.

Yet beuteous Nymph thy carefull mother liues,
(long may ſhee liue, and liuing eaſe thy hart)
Accept what comfort hir ſuruiuing giues,
and in lifes comfort drown thy ſorrows ſmart.
Helpe thou with vs, and eurie countrie wight,
to chace all grieuance from *Dianaes* minde:
From drad *Diana*, earths and heauns delight,
Diana, glorie of hir ſexe and kinde;
Diana, wondrous mirrour of our daies;
Diana matchleſſe Queene of *Arcadie*;
Diana, whoſe ſurpaſſing beauties praiſe
Improoues hir worth paſt terrene deitie;
Diana Sibill for hir ſecret skill;
Diana, pieties chiefe earthlie friend;
Diana, holie both in deede and will;
Diana whoſe iuſt praiſes haue no end.
Ah but my Muſe, that creeps but on the ground,
begins to tremble at my great preſume,
For naming hir, whoſe titles onelie ſound
doth glad the welkin with a ſweet perfume.
For in hir minde ſo manie vertues dwell,
as eurie moment breed new pieties:
Yet all in one conioind doe all excell,
and crowne hir worth with ſundrie deities.
But that vnwares my ſorie ſtile proceeds
drad *Cynthia* pardon: loue deſires diſpenſe:
As *Ioues* high Oaks orelook *Pans* ſlender reeds,
ſo boue all praiſing flies thine excellence.
Yet leſt my homeſpun verſe obſcure hir worth,

ſweet *Spencer* let me leaue this taske to thee,
Whoſe neuerſtooping quill can beſt ſet forth
ſuch things of ſtate, as paſſe my Muſe, and me.
Thou *Spencer* art the alderliefeſt ſwaine,
or haply if that word be all to baſe,
Thou art *Apollo* whoſe ſweet hunnie vaine
amongſt the Muſes hath a chiefeſt place.
Therefore in fulnes of thy duties loue,
calme thou the tempeſt of *Dianaes* breſt,
VVhilſt ſhee for *Melibæus* late remoue
afflicts hir mind with ouerlong vnreſt.
Tell hir forthwith (for well ſhee likes thy vaine)
that though great *Melibæus* be awaie:
Yet like to him there manie ſtill remaine,
which will vphold hir countrie from decaie.
Firſt name *Damætas*, flowre of *Arcadie*,
whoſe thoughts are prudēt, & ſpeech vertuous,
VVhoſe looks haue mildnes ioind with Maieſtie,
whoſe hand is liberall and valorous:
He is *Damætas*, that is wont to blame
extreameſt iuſtice voide of equitie:
Diana terms him by an other name,
Hatton, vnleſſe I faile in memorie.
Then name old *Damon*, whom ſhee knows of old
for ſuch as *Neſtor* was to *Græcians* guide:
VVorth ten of *Aiax*, worth all *Cræſſus* gold,
if his deſerts in ballance could be tride.
Damon is he that counſels ſtill aright,
and heedfullie preſerus *Dianaes* ſtore:

And wakes when others rest them selus by night
we *Arcads* cald him *Cecil* heretofore.
Then name braue *Ægon*, that with ships defenc
about our coast orespreds the *Ocean* plaines,
To keepe fell monsters of the sea from hence:
we cleape him *Howard*, that are coūtrie swaines.
Name *Mopsus*, *Daphnis*, *Faustus*, and the rest,
whose seurall gifts thy singing can expresse:
VVhen thou shalt tell how shee in them is blest,
their verie names will comfort hir distresse.

Tityrus.

Castor and *Pollux*, *Ledaes* louelie twins,
whose bright aspect cheers moornful Mariners,
Shewing them selues whē pleasant calme begins,
of gladsome newes two welcome messengers,
Conuey great comfort to the weltred minde,
and with their sheen appearance breed delight:
Yet *Corydon* thy leare and loue combinde
please more by hearing, thē those twain by sight,
For they portending stormie windes surcease,
but by portending cause the hearts content:
Thy learnd persuades cōmand my sorrow cease,
and sweetnes doth allure to merriment.
But hie we homeward, night comes on apace,
weel learne beliue forget our doleful notes:
See where faire *Venus* shewes hir radiant face,
lets hence, & shut our sheepfolds in their coat.

FINIS.